# THE CARMELITE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA (CARMEL POST OFFICE) CALIFORNIA——FIVE CENTS A COPY

VOL. V — CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1932 — NO. 8


## Lincoln Steffens

### HIS COLUMN

It was right to take down the poet-mayor, Heron. No poet represents this ingrowing community now. But I looked into the eyes of John Catlin once and I've heard just enough of his history to suspect that he will be too good for us, too, too "wise," I mean. Carmel is great "against" things, it cannot be "for" anything, or anybody.

¶

The biggest and best depression that business has ever produced dived lower, much lower last week and may go on down this week. Not only bonds and shares; basic commodities also were cheap: wheat, cotton, sugar, copper, rubber; and land, houses, labor—everything is cheap. And this is bad news. Even in an all-consuming community like Carmel, where hardly anybody is a producer, low prices make bad news. Why isn't it good news? Highbrows might well ask themselves what it means that overproduction, as we call it, or under-consumption, is a disaster. It means for one thing, that society as it is organized now, can produce an abundance. Which does not sound so bad. It can't be so terrible to have with machinery the power to make enough of everything to feed, clothe and shelter everybody. And as for under-consumption, there are the bread-lines of increasing millions of unemployed to suggest a potential market. The frightful problem that confronts our best minds is to find a way to get too much into the hands and bellies of the too many people who have too little, systematically. For our overproduction is potentially permanent. We can go right on producing all that we all want of the necessities. It is this, the best news in history, that makes one smile through others tears. For, honestly now, any child should be able to see that our bad news is really good. The trouble is that probably only a child can solve the problems of distributing our achieved abundance. Only some youth who has not learned the methods of our present business system will have the freshness of mind to tackle the obvious news in a new way. But never mind that now. What you can have out of this paragraphs, if you want it, is the assurance that our machine age has already got us a plenty.

——————*continued on page six*

LINOLEUM CUT BY MARION LYMAN

ENJOY A GOOD SHOW—AND INCIDENTALLY HELP CARMEL SOLVE ITS UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM: SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, TOMORROW AND SATURDAY NIGHTS AT 8:30 SHARP. OVER EIGHTY PEOPLE TAKING PART—FOUR SHOWS IN ONE.

# Carmel News

## THE NEW MAYOR

As is now known to all, save a few residents of Timbuctoo, John Catlin presiding genius of The Forge in the Forest, was inducted into office as Mayor of Carmel last Monday night. With a few neatly turned sentences, Herbert Heron summed up the work of the old Council, paid glowing tribute to Councillor Rockwell (retiring) and to Councillor Kellogg, welcomed the newly elected Mr. Catlin and Mr. Robert Norton; nominated Mr. Catlin and the little show was over.

Mayor Catlin announced the commissionerships: Streets, Miss Kellogg; Fire and Police, Mr. Jordan; Light and Water, Mr. Heron; Public Health and Safety, Mr Norton. (The Mayor is *ex officio* Commissioner of Finance.)

Before the former Council was dissolved, it passed on second reading the fire prevention ordinance for which Fire Chief Robert Leidig and his associate volunteers have been working for the past five years.

## "CHICAGO"

Frank Sheridan is putting finishing touches to the satirical comedy, "Chicago," which has been in rehearsal several weeks and is to be presented next week-end at the Community Playhouse under Abalone League auspices.

"Chicago" is labelled a stinging satire on yellow journalism and corrupted courts, but it is not a "preachy" play; its prime purpose is entertainment. A The dates are Thursday, Friday and Saturday; admission charge, seventy-five cents to one fifty; tickets at By Ford's office on Ocean Avenue.

## WAR MEMORIAL MASS MEETING

The Peninsula post of the American Legion has arranged a mass meeting at Sunset School Auditorium next Wednesday night, for discussion of the proposed memorial auditorium district, which will come before voters at next month's primaries.

For Anything
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R. M. KINGMAN
Dolores, near Ocean Carmel

## Ready for the Big Show

The Unemployment Benefit Show, under the general direction of Lita Bathen, opens tomorrow (Friday) night at Sunset School Auditorium, and will be repeated Saturday night. Curtain both nights at eight-thirty sharp.

Without in any way disparaging the first Carmel Benefit Night, it can be stated as a fact that the new offering is in every respect a better show from the audience viewpoint. There is greater variety, better balance and, moreover, there is a very liberal sprinkling of that always acceptable ingredient, "local color."

The program will open with the band of Monterey Presidio "playing them in"; then follows a clever little one-acter presented by Galt Bell as his donation to the cause. The piece, called "The Still Alarm," is by George Kaufman, who was largely responsible for "Beggar on Horseback" (Carmel record breaker last season). It is the sort of thing in which Galt Bell excels at directing—a highly polished miniature.

Next in order will come Claire Lea (not to be confused with the visiting player in "Yes, Doctor" last summer) and Richard Stuart, professional dancers who are contributing their services as a courtesy to their friend, Ruth Waring, who has been very active in helping arrange the benefit program. Claire Lea was at one time premiere of the San Carlos Opera Company; Richard Stuart's background includes several seasons with the Denishawn Dancer's; together they have just finished an extended tour.

With them will be Lester Horton, outstanding exponent of American Indian dances.

The dramatic highlight of the evening will be Helen Ware's appearance in "Sabotage." A stark, realistic playlet, it will show Miss Ware in a mood far distant from her characterizition in "Food," and will help Carmel appreciate what an addition has been made to its dramatic forces.

Despite all efforts to keep it dark, word has gone out that the big local number, "Carmel Lights," is good. It should be—it's a fair cross-section of a Carmel day, although not portrayed as everyone might see it. The cast reads like the telephone directory; to mention only a few of the players: Katharine Easton, Mary Marble, Charles O'Neal, Ruth Waring, Edna Sheridan, Fern Hyde, B. F. Dixon, Milton Latham, John Sheridan, Joy Ballam, Chrys Crichton, Virginia Rockwell, R: E. Overly, Mary Grant, J. H. White, Larry Grenier, Elizabeth Reamer, Cole Weston, Gerry Thienes, Jo Schoeninger, Thomas Thienes, Jerry Felton, Sue Brownell, Morris McK. Wild, Sonia Noskowiak, Holly Ehrenberg Smith, J. M. VanCott, Myrto Childe, Ellen Kleinschimdt, Allen Knight, and, it seems at times, several hundred others. George Faricy, professional actor who came to Carmel as he thought for a rest, was induced to undertake direction of the skit, and has done a very good job of it.

It will be better to see "Carmel Lights" than to hear about it all next week.

## GIRL SCOUTS TO ENTERTAIN

A book of tide tables, with columns and columns of figures with plus and minus signs in front of them, may not sound like very intriguing stuff. But once in a while a thrill can be found concealed between the lines, as witness a day last week when the Girl's Council discovered that the night set for its Moonlight dance on Mrs. Millis' tennis court was going to be marked by complete absence of the moon! On April thirtieth, the moon is due to make her appearance in the wee sma' hours of the morning and to retire in the west at two thirty-four p.m.

The Council wishes to announce, however, that a fully competent Ersatz Moon has been procured, in fact several of them, and that no disappointment will be felt by those gracing the affair with their presence. A loud speaker from the Palace Drug will dispense first class dance music just like that on the rink at Yosemite, and a waxed tennis court will make everyone's feet so happy that the absence of an authentic moon will be hardly noticed.

## OBITUARY

Thomas B. Reardon, one of Carmel's oldest citizens in point of residence here, died on Tuesday in a San Jose hospital following an illness of several weeks' duration.

Th e late Mr. Reardon, who was in his fifty-seventh year, came to Carmel when the town was little more than a name, and for over a quarter-century had been identified with its business and political interests. He was active in the organization of the Manzanita Club, was a willing assistant at the Forest Theater in its early days, and served a term on the City Council. Indifferent health curtailed his activities in recent months, but his condition was not known to be serious, so that news of his death came as a surprise.

Funeral services were held today at San Jose, the Reardon family home.

# Education Week

SUNSET SHOOL

Do we realize what we have in Carmel in the line of educational facilities? Have we any knowledge of the activity which goes on within the walls of the attractive structure, Sunset School? And more important, have we an under standing of the aims, objectives, and ideals which guide the teachers as they strive to influence the development of nearly four hundred young Americans? Everyone is urged to visit Sunset School during the coming week to observe how Carmel's children live, work and play, and to view a portion of the work that has been accomplished throughout the school year.

Visitors to Carmel are struck with the individuality of Sunset School. Those who follow closely education procedure are impressed with the fine type of work being carried on in the various departments. The Principal and faculty and the members of the school board have faith in the effectiveness of the three-fold program which places emphasis on the tool subjects, the activity work, and character building. It is sincerely hoped that every resident of Carmel will avail himself of this opportunity to gain first-hand information as to what Sunset School represents.

During Education Week there will be displays of children's work in all the classrooms, including activity projects geography, history, and civics; writing, spelling, arithmetic, and composition; and interesting projects concerned with the development of health and character traits. There will be exhibits of art and shopwork in the classrooms, the lunch-room and the art-room.

Those who remain long enough to observe classwork in progress will witness more than can be evidenced in any concrete display: namely, the wholesome, harmonious environment in which the children work; the splendid feeling of co-operation existing between the children and the teachers; and the ability of the children to gain knowledge and to express themselves in numerous ways. During the week the regular classroom schedules will be followed.

A special education week program will be held on Tuesday night, April twenty-sixth at eight o'clock in the new auditorium. An interesting evening is assured all those who attend, the program reading as follows:

Orchestral Selections:
Unfinished Symphony ..... Schubert
Lullaby ..... Brahms
Under the direction of Miss Madeline M. Currey.

Verse Choir Selections:
The Bells ..... Edgar Allen Poe
A Family Drum Corps .....
.....Malcolm Douglas
Under the direction of Mrs. Frances Johnson.

A talk on the Purpose of Public School week by Charles Watson.

"The Three-fold Aim of the Sunset School Program" by O. W. Bardarson.

The Eighth Grade Achievement Test Scores, two Eighth Grade pupils.

The Students Program, Joy Ballam, president of student body.

"A Pageant of Civilization" written and presented by the Sixth Grade, direction Anna Marie Baer.

At the close of the program the exhibits of art and shop work will be open to those who wish to attend.

Another event of special interest will be the regular student-body meeting to be held in the auditorium on Friday morning at eleven-twenty o'clock. Again the public is urged to attend in order to observe the effective manner in which student government is conducted. On the afternoon of the same day at three forty-five, the school will participate in a track meet, held under the supervision of Miss Jean Wallace. Events scheduled for the meet include the one hundred yard dash, the fifty yard dash, the two hundred twenty yard dash, the broad jump, high jump, pole vaulting, shot put, hurdle races and relay races.

THE COVER

It is unsafe for any caller at The Carmelite office to indicate ability at linoleum cutting; the chances are all in favor of their leaving with an assignment.

Latest to encounter this unending quest for new talent was Marion Lyman, who came to Carmel from Oakland this week and intends to remain for an indefinite stay. Miss Lyman works in pen and ink, linoleum and wood-cut effects, displaying in these various mediums a refreshing variety of approach and a technique adaptable to the requirements of any particular subject.
ments of any particular subject. She executed the Unemployment Benefit cut as her donation to a community undertaking but the shortness of time did not permit doing full justice to her ability as indicated in her portfolio of speciments.

Miss Lyman may be reached through the Gallery Shop at Seven Arts.

DEL MONTE

ANNOUNCES

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# All Set to Go...

—HELEN WARE
IN "SABATOGE"
GRAND GUIGNOL PLAY
SUPPORTING CAST OF
LOCAL PLAYERS

—GALT BELL
DIRECTING
"THE STILL ALARM"—
HILARIOUSLY SUBDUED
COMEDY

—LEA AND STUART
DANCERS
JUST COMPLETED
FORTY-TWO WEEKS ON TOUR
FOR FANCHON & MARCO

—THE MONTEREY PRESIDIO
BAND
IN MILITARY AND
POPULAR SELECTIONS

—TWO MUSICAL NOVELTIES
THAT YOU DOUBTLESS
NEVER HEARD BEFORE
A 'CELLO SEXTET
AND A
TROMBONE QUARTET

—AND A SLIGHT
BURLESQUE OF
DOLORES STREET—
"CARMEL LIGHTS"

—AND OTHER ATTRACTIONS

—OVER EIGHTY PEOPLE
IN THE SHOW

# Unemployment Benefit Show

## Sunset School Auditorium -- 2 Nights

## Friday and Saturday

**TICKETS NOW** at Denny-Watrous Gallery 50c and $1

# Carmel Community Playhouse

Formerly Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough

# "The Firebrand"

**First Production of**

**Carmel Community Players**

**MAY 5-6-7-8**


## IN APPRECIATION

No better audience ever gathered in a Carmel concert hall than the assemblage of children that gave critical and appreciative hearing to the classical program of Harry Sykman, in the Studio Theatre Monday afternoon. Much as I was interested in the phenomenal playing of this boy wonder violinist, I was equally pleased by the rare receptive attention and discriminative judgment displayed by the juvenile audience itself. These children, a hundred or more, amidst the adults present, with evaluating interest enkindled by their own music work in our schools, were promptly and expectantly on time, gave closest attention to the long, serious program throughout, did not break in on the continuity of the program by destructive demand for social intermission and opportunity to smoke, and were more genuinely appreciative of the great music of Bruch, Brahms, Kreisler and other classicists—the Bruch Concerto alone calling for nearly a half hour of rigorous attention—than has ever been evidenced by our average adult audiences. Then the reception by our young musician hearers, as they crowded to the stage in courtesy to meet the nine year old artist, at the conclusion of the recital, presented a picture long to be remembered. All honor to our young music lovers of Carmel, and to Principal Bardarson and Miss Currey, our school music director —and to Mrs. Peiffer who brought over a group of children from Monterey—for the splendid vision and training being given our children in the schools, and to this basic culture pointing to a still greater future for cultural Carmel. Can we not, in our future concert planning for community enrichment, still better realize that every child in the audience is worth more, in true appreciation and inspirational appropriation, than a dozen adults? The educator looks not only at the boy violinist of the present, but far more at the possible master musician of the future; not simply at the sophisticated audience of today, but at the community and individual worths of long years to come.

Let us have more concerts for the children. —PRESTON W. SEARCH

## THE BRUTONS TO EXHIBIT AT THE GALLERY

Edward Weston exhibit of photographs at the Denny-Watrous Gallery closes Saturday and will be succeeded by a showing of prints, sketches and oils by Margaret, Esther and Helen Bruton.

This will be the first peninsuula showing of the Brutons' work this year.

## BEHIND THE SCENES

*by* RUTH M. SHOBE

Not having any voice in the selection of plays, all I could do was *hope* that, out of those considered for the opening production of the Carmel Community Players, "The Firebrand" be chosen. One play after another was reviewed only to be rejected because it failed to meet all the necessary requirements for an initial production. When "The Firebrand" entered the contest, the Directors realized their search was over.

The comedy has everything—suspense, action, clever dialogue, plenty of laughter and love scenes with enough spice added to give just the correct flavor of naughtiness. The story is based upon an incident in the life of that most lovable rascal and great artist, Benvenuto Cellini. With Edwin Justus Mayer as the author and such a wealth of colorful material to draw upon, the result can be nothing else but the fine one it is.

Galt Bell has successfully completed the difficult task of casting the play well. He is a sympathetic director and one with whom it is pleasant to work. Since he has drawn from the entire district, we shall see a number of people who have never before appeared on the Carmel stage. Among these is Paula Dougherty who, when she steps upon the set, ceases to be Paula Dougherty and becomes the Duchess. Her work is splendid in every detail, and the cast's response to it indicates more plainly than anything I could say how really good her work is.

Major Shephard is great. he is simpatico to his role; he knows and thoroughly understands the Duke. Consequently, he is one of the high lights of the show. We wonder why, oh why, we never had the opportunity to enjoy him before. It is certainly our loss, and when "The Firebrand" opens, you will agree with me.

Ascanio, Cellini's apprentice, who in reality is Ross Cowen of Pacific Grove, makes his second Carmel appearance. Last summer he had a bit; this spring he has a minor role—and how he does it! His comedy bubbles forth with a refreshing naturalness; his always interrupted love scenes are so ardent that one doesn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed that he is not permitted to conclude them before the audience. Sibyl Leonard, who plays opposite him, more than fulfills her part. She, too, is a comedienne of real ability, and her stage presence is excellent.

* * *

One of the interesting features, to me, of the Carmel Community Players, is that the organization presents an opportunity for everyone in the Monterey Peninsula who is interested in theatricals to come down and take a part in this work. That the community is willing to help is evidenced by the response received from the temporary president's statement which was published last week. Calls have come in from Pacific Grove, Monterey, Pebble Beach and the Highlands as well as from Carmel. Nor is enthusiasm confined to this area alone. Mrs. Douugherty received a telephone call from Watsonville, and even Connecticut is growing aware of the organization—at least one person in that state knows the Community Players has been formed. She wrote, offering her services in the techinal department. The names and addresses of these people are being filed and catalogued so that when a particular need arises, the organization may know on whom to call. Indeed, I think that the temporary board of directors should be congratulated upon the speed and efficiency with which they have functioned ever since their definite formation.

There are many things to be done, many jobs to be filled before any production reaches the stage of a first night. Scene designing, set construction, lighting effects, costumes, "props" scene shifting, ushering, typing of scripts, selection of plays—all these form important factors in any theatrical venture. So far, there has been no difficulty in securing workers for these various duties, and many new faces are to be seen around the theatre.

When you come to the performance don't forget that a great portion of the pleasure you will derive comes from efforts of people whose work you never see.

## CARMEL-MADE PUPPETS ON EXHIBIT

During the past week the "little people," puppets and life-like dolls made by Mrs Florence Drake have been on exhibition at Ruth Waring's Studio at San Carlos and Eighth. Here we find Buster Keaton and Polly Moran as they appeared in their latest picture "The Passionate Plumber," not just as big as life but in miniature. Here too are several types even smaller, doll-like figures but life-like in their portrayal of vagabondia art-types. The immaculate Whistler appears, brandishing his pallette, mustache and pointed beard, meticulously shaped. Each face with its expression of sardonic humor makes one realize that man made in miniature is true to the art she expresses. —M. C.


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THE CARMELITE
J. A. COUGHLIN ——— *Editor and Publisher*

Printed and published weekly at Carmel-by-the-Sea (Carmel P. O.) California. Entered as second-class matter February 21, 1928, at Post Office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, two dollars fifty per annum; single copies, five cents. Office, Dolores Street between Seventh and Eighth; Telephone 717.

*The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.*

## Lincoln Steffens ---*continued*

The unpublished news that hung heavy over the market was that one of our deserving rich—a great big promotor, organizer and high financier—was on the verge of bankruptcy. Insul was pretty strong. He had borrowed so much that he could hardly fail without carrying some big banks down with him. The bankers therefore were co-operating to save his hide and it was interesting to read the quotations of stocks which were the only reports of how the great captain was getting along. It often occurs that the most fascinating news is "only understood" only on the financial page in figures. Like the deep secrets of physics, chemistry and astronomy; we can "get" them only by mathematics. We never have seen the atom, for instance, but we can infer a lot about the microscopic universe from our measurements of its reactions.

¶

S. K. Ratcliffe, a very well known British journalist, has been in Carmel for one evening, but in that short time he threw the search light of a trained, well-informed mind around the world; over India today, China, the United States, Europe, and all so genially, so definitely with such balanced understanding. But he is a liberal, he was in Russia last summer, and he said: "I don't like to talk much about Soviet Russia; I don't understand it." Wise, that. He knows what so many liberals do not know: that a liberal mind can hardly get through the eye of that needle. A reactionary capitalist can, but not a libertarian. The Russians know this. They will let a business man come in willingly, they invite engineers and industrialists but they wag their heads over a liberal.

¶

So the Lindbergh baby seekers did keep the numbers on the bills paid the kidnapers! And they did let the press is "way over the heads of the upper- is "way over the heads of the upperworld; and the kidnapers, who suspected it, have proved it. The cost may be high. Why don't they get somebody like Jack Black to do business for them. The crooks know by experience with him, that that old burglar is "straight." The underworld knows it, I repeat, and the upperworld has some sense of it. A gentleman said once: "If I wanted to go away and be sure something dear to me would be safe, I'd have Jack Black in charge. My precious charge might be gone when I got back, but if it were, I'd find Jack Black's body then, dead, dead, dead." And, as for the crooks,—oh, well, they have tested Jack and no crook ever wanted to put him on the spot; even if the cops did for a moment. Only for a moment, the cops know too. Well, somebody like Jack Black would do this delicate job and not keep the numbers of the bills and not leave them without the child. And the child would go to Jack; the kids can read him on sight. They seem to recognize that he went through the straight-jacket without a word; not a peep, except of agony and the peep was a groan—not a revealing word There are such men, you know.

¶

Speaking of economies, why not abolish one of the two houses of all our legislatures. The United States Senate or the House of Representatives would be quite enough for the Federal Government; and one chamber in each state would keep up our illusions about democratic representation and do all the damage necessary. And what an inspiring spectacle it would be of self-sacrifice and wisdom to see our legislators themselves cut out the bi-cameral system! And what a saving in money! And of the children's schools!! It might encourage the British to go ahead and abolish their House of Lords; which by the way, was the model for our Senate. In fact our two houses were only a copy of English form and a recognition of two conflicting classes.

¶

Why are all the kid geniuses shown only in music? As if music were easy. That infant prodigy who played the violin here last Monday and was said be better at seven than Yehudi was at nine—why, he couldn't play as well as a lot of adults I've heard. If they would take some bright boys or girls and put them into politics, or high finance or even low banking, in business, say, or in command of an army, something easy that grown-ups do so badly, then we would see a thing or two worth seeing. They seldom will. Twice kids have got on top in war: Alexander and Napoleon, and they gave exhibition of what youth could and should do with us old dubs. They strewed great battlefields with us so that never since have we let one of them command us; we always jolly well see to it that the ancient are on horseback and their sons are in the trenches. And in politics, in business, in all the good grafts, we have the good, old dead or dying on top. A poet sings through now and then, in science youth functions, but for the most part, the prodigies appear in music—of all things.

Well, it's like this child Harry Sykman. He comes on the stage with his teacher, who probably chooses the music and he gives a pretty good performance, for a child of seven, as vaudeville. But as music? No. Music is too much for a child. The scene was good only as a symbolic picture of a poor little gifted boy with a grown-up over him, promoting, managing, ruling him. A true, almost a universal picture on the stage and in the spectator's seats also; grown-ups in charge—very much in charge—of the kids who get good and properly tired of it.

Why not just the kids in charge of all the easy art that their dull elders have flunked at, are flunking at right now. They do in Russia, you know. There's a government, a state, a continent where youth is in command. And, if there's a war with Russia, some Alexander-Napoleon will be playing the kids' own game of soldiers with only a Hindenberg-Joffre against him. Some people think this is a tragic world. Robin Jeffers, for instance. He's wrong. It's a comic world, as me'n Hoover can see.

¶

My laundryman says that his business is bad, too. "Folks are saving on their washing," he wept for me to smile.

¶

If everybody that does not change his shirt would change his mind, the depression would be worth all it costs and save us any other hard times; and the next boom. For, mark this well, those depressions and booms are regular. Anything that is regular is governed by natural laws. Natural laws are traceable, statable, manageable. In brief: depressions, like political corruptions and wars, are controllable. They do not have to happen.

¶

There is nothing shameful in nakedness; except the way shameful people feel about it.

¶

The ideal for teachers and parents is the gardener, who does not say a word to his flowers; he provides manure and water and—Look at the flowers, how they thrive and rejoice and are good

## An Autobiographer Reviews an Autobiography

Story of My Life, *by Clarence Darrow*; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Reviewed by* LINCOLN STEFFENS

That man Darrow—the hunched up, dark, strange figure that has skulked around in the background of all our lives for decades—the attorney for the damned, the orator of the minority, who stalked out in front now and then, on the wrong side, always—the Clarence Darrow nobody knows so curiously has written at last his own troubled life and philosophy; and it appears, as might have been expected, that he, the insider—Darrow—doesn't understand Darrow either; a life which is exhilarating. His contemporaries will close the book with a laugh or a chuckle, at least: "We told you so." He throws some light, he gather some light. He tells some radiant facts about himself and about the great scenes he played his puzzling first part in. He calls it "The Story of My Life"; a more descriptive title would have been, "My Story of the Life." There is stuff in it for history, and for plays, for poems, novels, and for scientific research, especially in psychology and politics, but as a work of art it should be read aloud by the author himself. It it written or dictated as he speaks. Those who have seen him in court or on the platform will have the same old sense of sight, which others may miss, of the powerful orator hulking his way slowly, thoughtfully, extemporizing, through his long broken story, hands in pocket, head down and eyes up, wondering what it is all about, to the inevitable conclusion which he throws off with a toss of his shrugging shoulders: "I don't know—We don't know—Not enough to kill or even to judge one another."

And as for life—clinging to it desperately—he repeats what he has so often and so publicly argued, that it is not worth living.

> Had I known about life in advance, I most likely would have declined the adventure. At least, that is the way I feel about it now. There are times when I feel otherwise. But, on the whole, I believe that life is not worth living.

This from the first chapter, and at the end of the last chapter, he contemplates happily going to bed, to read, to rest, to sleep, and then "I would like to go to Europe, just once more. . . . In the spring. . . .Yes, I may go again—I may. . . ." And as ever, he is laughing at himself, through the tears in his eyes. What Darrow does not realize sufficiently about himself is the degree and the direction of his imagination. Supersensitive, he could not save his mind by reading or writing. He saw and felt so personally the raw facts about him that his imagination was earthbound; he suffered so much, now, here, that there was no escape for him to a heaven beyond. . . .

Friends of his have seen him shrink and try to throw off the imagined agony of people he only heard of, and his next statement is hopelessly, literally true.

> My sympathies always went out to the weak, the suffering, the poor. Realizing their sorrows, I tried to relieve them in order that I might be relieved. I had a thoroughly independent, perhaps individual, way of looking at things, and I had little respect for the opinion of the crowd. My instinct was to doubt the majority.

This sounds like self-knowledge, but the truth is comparative. Darrow was so much more sensitive than his fellows that he could not fully measure himself. He says he had imagination; he knew others had less; but he did not know how much less. Since he could reach and find the emotions of enough of the jury to hang it and save a defendant, he seems not to realize that most people cannot see and feel themselves; not as he saw and felt. Not as a poet or a creative scientist sees and feels throuugh. That, the common failure of gifted men, accounts in part for their bitterness, cynicism, melancholy. And what their contemporaries do not realize—what Darrow's friends have not all realized—is that Darrow, the actor-humorist, the almost unscrupulous pleader, the skeptical thinker, was utterly, tragically sincere. His book may add that to one's sense of his character. He inherited this vision of the senses, apparently. The father had been educated at a theological seminary, but he would not, could not go on in any church. He made furniture and coffins. "Neither of my parents held any of the dogmatic religious views. They were both readers of Jefferson, Voltaire, Paine. . . .Our family learned to live alone. My father was the village infidel and gradually came to glory in his reputation."

That's Darrow himself, of course. He had vanity, as he says; he gloried in being different, learning from childhood to like it. All his life he thought and talked about, and he resisted, religion tyranny, majorities, even the law which he practiced. Lawyers will testify that Clarence Darrow was a "good lawyer," no mere attorney-at-law, but a scholarly student who knows the law; like a clergyman who is also a theologian. In this sense the law is a danger to the mind of a man and many lawyers are priests of the law. . . .

Everybody who has failed in life should read Darrow's sad tale of his triumphant career, with a smile ready for every one of his ready tears, a tear for his sneers, and so see what Darrow says he does not see, that his life is worth living, the reader's and Darrow's. And then some other poet should take this book as a source and tell the story of Darrow as a hero. That's what he is and that's what the villian tries to conceal, a tragic hero for the modern American comedy.—*Condensed from "The Saturday Review of Literature."*

## MORS THE CIRCUS CLOWN

You sadistic old charlatan! You clown!
Grotesque and ugly, tumbling somersaults
Before the cages that are empty vaults,
You sneer and bow and strutting up and down,
You watch your audience with burning eyes.
Your fleshless, bony jaws you twist and bend
To cachinnate on them who wait the end
Of your performance. When the evening dies
You leap from out the saw-dust ring to strip
Your grinning mask and lash with stinging whip
The ones who won't applaud your mummery,
Who still recall their lovely dreams and dare
To dream them while the others only stare,
Too hypnotized by mask and mockery.

—MICHAEL PARLOW

(Youthful Michael Parlow lives in Hollywood; spent last summer in Carmel.)

## SIGNIFICANCE OF THE STRIKE AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

*by* YVONNE K. NAVAS-REY

Last fall, Reed Harris, an under-graduate student at Columbia College, and editor of "The Spectator," the students' paper, made the statement that athletics at Columbia University were on a professional, or at least on a semi-professional basis. The college and university authorities did not take up the matter, but the alumni did, and also the departments of athletics, not only at Columbia, but in many of institutions of so-called higher learning in this country. Among others the members of the football squad of the University of California, Southern branch, sent in a protest that was published by the "World-Telegram" of New York. This protest admitted that a certain number of deaths took place every year on the football fields, but it claimed that this was merely in the logical order of things as they must be.

It must be stated at this point that Harris' editorials were written after a number of these spectacular deaths on gridiron had just taken place.

The excitement caused by this discussion calmed down until approximately three weeks ago, when Harris stated that the food was being retailed to the students at John Jay Hall at overwhemingly high prices and that the conditions in the kitchen were unsanitary. He went on to say that the hall was being operated primarily for profit and not for service. This was the last straw that broke the proverbial camel's back and Harris has been expelled by Dean Hawkes. A strike of the students siding with Harris followed, during which the amusing spectacle was witnessed of the athletic students attending classes and the intellectual ones standing aloof.

The usual charges of red, communist, capitalist, vigilantes, etc., etc., have been hurled and there has been much disorder. The Alma Mater statue has been deluged with eggs, there have been riots between the two groups of students, the athletics winning every time, as is natural; and one classroom in Avery Hall has been entirely destroyed as far as furniture and fixtures are concerned. At this time a truce is in effect and the university authorities are trying to straddle the issue, having agreed to certain compromises, such as proposing as president of the Social Problems Club one of the leaders of the riot. But Harris has not been reinstated nor, according to Dean Hawkes, will he be.

The question to be asked in regard to this agitation is the one that follows: What are the institutions of higher learning for, in this country? Are they to turn out athletics, insurance agents and promotors? Or are they for the purpose of teaching students to think.

A lady came to see the writer only yesterday and against this assertion that the universities in America discourage thinking and penalize thinkers, she opposed the statement that a niece of hers, who always obtained A's and B's in all her subjects, took an examination offered by the Board of Education of a large city, passed with a high mark and got a job. Her interlocutor, who is often not so wise, answered nothing. But the point is that grades are paid for certain qualifications. In this country they are paid for accuracy and memory work. And again we ask the question: Are those the sole qualifications that should be expected from students in so-called higher education?

The problem is an interesting one and educators on the peninsula and person. interested in education are asked to state their views on this very pertinent question.

Incidentally, it may be added that the following fact is generally conceded; development in the physical sciences has not been equalled by the development in the social sciences. The latter are still in the emotional, unscientific eighteenth century.

Whose responsibility is to make the latter catch up? Will anyone deny that it is up to the university? And what relation, if any, does the problem bear to the depression?

## MEDICAL VISITOR

Dr. E. Moor Fisher has returned to San Francisco after a short visit with his cousins Bernard and Cedric Rowntree at their home on Casanova Street. Dr. Fisher, who is well known for his work in psycho-therapy, is a member of the Board of Appeals of the War Veterans Bureau in San Francisco.

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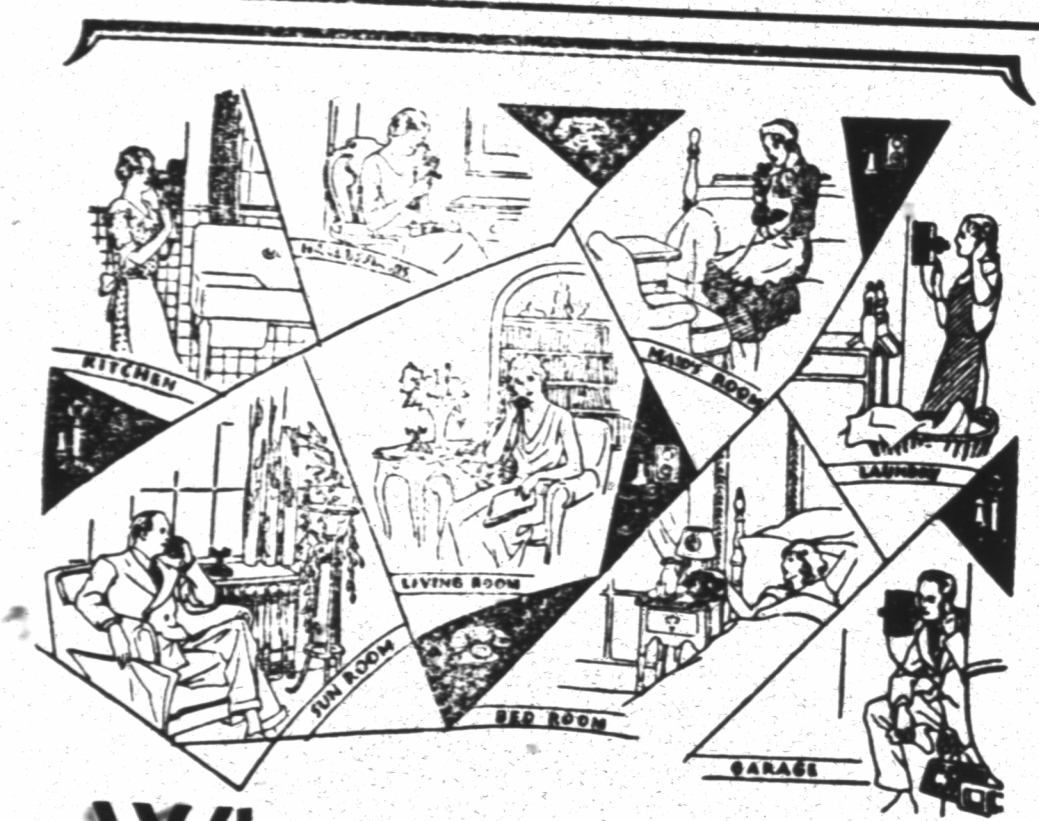


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# Correspondence

## "YANCEY ON THE YANGTZE"

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

In your issue of February eleventh, there is recounted facts and fancies relative to my name, the State from which I hail, and my present location on the Yangtze River. This was chronicled by my good friend Mr. Frank Sheridan.

I had many pleasant days in the company of Mr. Frank Sheridan at Rockport, Massachusetts. I only wish he was with me at the present time along the Yangtze River.

The fighting of the Japanese against the Chinese has developed into a lull for the present—no one can tell what will happen in the future.

Yesterday's vernacular press stated that the Nationalist army in Kiangsi Province had attacked an army of fifty thousand Reds or Communists, had killed ten thousand of them and captured two thousand. From this you will see that the Chinese are more successful against Chinese than against their arch enemy the Japanese.

The river pirates and bandits along the middle Yangtze River have target practice at and on practically every ship up and down the river. This gives the personnel of the gunboat plenty of exercise and plenty to think about when not taking care of what is going on in the actual war zone.

Wishing you and The Carmelite success, I am, Very truly yours,

Y. S. WILLIAMS
Rear Admiral, U S. Navy

Hankow, March twentyfourth.

## A READER TURNS COLUMNIST

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Business will improve when restriction is removed from it.

* * *

If the Woman's Club weekly discussion lacks interest, here's a great idea: procure an assortment of the fancy colored cans labeled coffee, place them on a table; the members then sit around the display and guess at the ingredients.

* * *

What a lamento the "axe-grinders" let out when the final city election returns were known.

* * *

There is a feeling of great anxiety in the Village as to what will be become of the Advisory Board and the Planning Committee.

Maybe the attorney for the Monterey Peninsula, and who also officiates as chair-at-Large for the Carmel Council, could make use of them in some scheme?

* * *

The Carmel drinking water has been feeling ill for some time back; at the office, the meter-oiler told complainants that the water had been given a dose of chlorine and iodine, and its convalescency is gradually approaching palatableness. Housewives say the chlorine spoils their home-brew.

* * *

This is the age of Permits, Licenses, Assessments and Taxes, delinquentcies can also be added. —R. H. D.

## WHY GOVERNMENT OPERATES WITH A DEFICIT

(The Third Assistant Postmaster General writes regarding The Carmelite): ". . . .It is noted that in the date line on the front page of the March 24, 1932, issue of The Carmelite, the office of publication is shown as "Carmel-by-the-Sea."

In a letter sent you from this office under date of September 23, 1931, you were advised that where an actual office of publication of a publication is located at a place which is not a post office or is known locally by a name other than that of the post office at which entry and mailing as second-class matter is sought, it is permissible to place the local name in the date line provided the name of the post office of entry and mailing (to which business communications must be addressed) is conspicuously shown in the date-line, i.e., Carmel-by-the-Sea (Carmel, California, Post Office).

While it is noted that the publishers have properly shown the office of publication in the masthead of the copy of the March twenty-fourth issue, it is expected that they will promptly correct the notice in the date line in accordance with the above instructions. . .

* * *The official title of this community for municipal, county and state purposes is "Carmel-by-the-Sea" and it is so incorporated, but the Postoffice Department refuses to accept the "by-the-Sea." Plain "Carmel" is all we get in the postal directory and there are seven other Carmels in these United States, all confusable.—ED.

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# Humane Week

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS"

The writer makes a strong and heartfelt appeal during this, the Kindness to Animals week to all owners who value their dogs and also in memory of any dear dog which was beloved, and is lost to act in behalf of all dogs who are suffering or are likely to suffer the torture of vivisection.

The writer appeals to the sense of *fair play* which is latent in most of us to reward the dog according to his merit.

"Next to man he ranks highest in intelligence, being susceptible to all human passions. Wherever civilization has advanced to the art of painting or printing he finds a place.

"He has not been neglected by history or forgotten by the poets.

"The religious books of pagan nations find a place for him and he is mentioned in both the old and newTestament. Peary could not have reached the North Pole nor Scott the South Pole without the faithful dog.

"Man requires service from all animals but only from this one receives friendship.

"He's the only animal that eats all of man's food, flesh and vegetables.

"He does not count the cost but gives his life at his master's command.

And even without command in his master's defence.

And in return he asks but little consideration and a few kind words.

> Never yet the dog our country fed
> Betrayed the kindness or forgot the bread."

Excerpt from "The Dog," remarks of Hon. Harry B. Harves, of Missouri, in the House of Representatives. From the Congressional Record of February third, 1923.

The writer will esteem it a privilege to present a reprint of the poem "My Dog" to everyone who does their bit by signing the appeal, a copy of which is herein set forth:

> "As a registered voter in the State of California I am sincerely and actively interested in the passage of bill S. 2146 for the exemption of dogs from vivisection in the District of Columbia.
>
> "I am in complete and hearty accord with this legislation, and believe that is should receive early consideration and be passed without qualification or amendment, by the Congress of the United States."

The appeal, issued by the Vivisection-Investigation League, will be sent upon request to those desiring to sign. Please send names and post office box number to Effie MacFarland, Box 456, Carmel California.

—EFFIE MACFARLAND

MY DOG

What Does He Think Of Me?

My dear old Friend! Had nature planned
That we could speak together,
I'd often take you by the hand
And talk about the weather,
Or any other common theme
On which we might agree;
For instance, how to you I seem
Or, what you think of me.

When on my daily rounds I go,
What keeps you by my side?
Why do you grapple with my foe
What ever may betide?
And why that zeal I know so well
If I should ask, and you should tell
What would your answer be?

Am I to you a heathen god
Insensible to reason?
And are you subject to my nod
Because I punish treason?
Oh, no, I'm sure I'd never see
That look of loving trust
If you were just afraid of me
And loved because he must.

Perhaps I'm as a being fair
In whom you see no vice;
Whose worth evokes your tender care,
And loving sacrifice;
But there you err: I sometimes turn
Against the man who likes me;
But thou, dumb beast, where dids't thou learn
To lick the hand that strikes thee?

And oh, how willing to forgive
The many wrongs I've done thee!
And if I sink in woe to live
Still you will never shun me;
Like Him, who suffered without blame,
And filled the holy chalice,
You love and serve all men the same,
In hovel or in palace.

But soon we'll go our several ways
For time is in its flight;
And the same sun that marks your days
Will bring my last "good night."
Perchance on some Elysian field
We'll reunited be;
Then you can tell, with lips unsealed
Just what you thought of me.

—FRANK E. HIPPLE

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## LIBRARY NEWS NOTES

*by* HORTENSE BERRY, *Librarian*

This week, Arpil sevententh to twenty-third is sacred to both Gardens and Animals. Hence, in the Children's Room is to be found a tempting display of stories about horses, dogs, and all sorts of animal friends, while in the Reading Room is a varied collection of garden books. Although the latter are too late to help you plan your Spring garden, perhaps they will offer suggestions for Summer and Fall, when your ingenuity is far more tested to keep sufficient flowers available for both cutting and bedecking your garden.

* * *

From the Publishers' Weekly we learn that Mr. Lincoln Steffens has received the New York "Evening Post's" award for the most outstanding journalistic service of the year.

* * *

Mothers take note! Grace Langdon's "Home Guidance for Young Children," which is available at the library, has been awarded the sixth annual medal of "The Parent's Magazine." Both the magazine and book are worth your attention.

* * *

We have just purchased a new copy of the Rand, McNally World Atlas. 1931 edition.

* * *

The following new books are now in circulation:

*Fiction*:

Alexander: Villa Caprice
Armstrong: Mr. Darby
Bennett: The Roped Wolf
Brehm: They Call it Patriotism
Cronin: Three Loves
Deland: Captain Archer's Daughter
Herbert: The House of Wives
Hughes: Static
Kelland: Speak Easily
LeMay: Winter Range
Messer: Eternal Compromise
Nason: Among the Trumpets
Nichols: Evensong
Oppenheim: Sinners Beware
Riesenberg: Passing Strangers
Ryerson: Diana Laughs
Spencer: Forever and Ever
Summers: Supernatural Omnibus
Viereck and Eldridge: Invincible Adam
Wallace: Arranways Mystery

* * *

*Non-Fiction*:

Molnar: The Good Fairy
Petrie: Seventy Years in Archaeology
Thomas: Arabia Felix
Thompson: "I Saw Hitler."
Von Druten: After All
Villiers: Vanished Fleets

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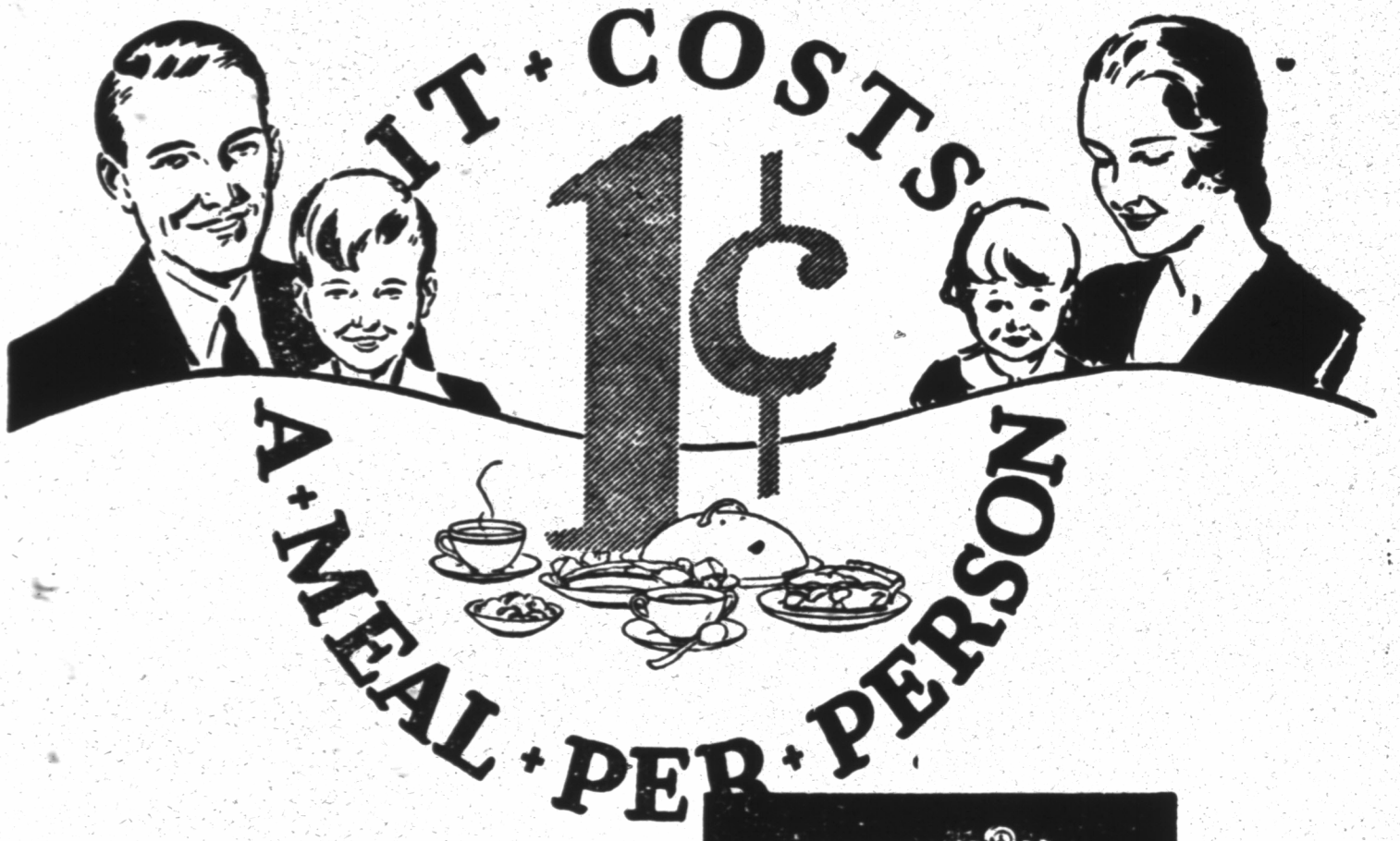
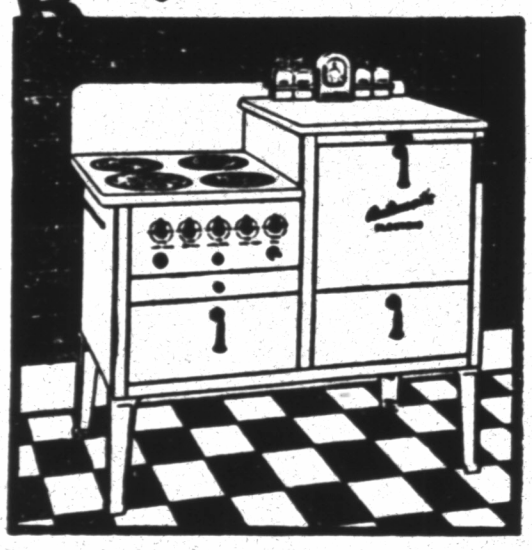



## *to operate the modern fast electric range*



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